

[illegible]

CREEPY COVER POSTER- "FACES of FEAR"

22.

1998



FROM THE DEPTHS...

Recovered from the shock of seeing SCREAM's extra spooky wrap-around poster, **FACES OF FEAR?** No, I didn't think you had! Once again, I, Ghastly McNasty, have come up with a poster that only the bravest of you will be able to put up on your wall. Inside this issue, you'll find more shocks — the 'Feet-Factor' for this week's stonics is higher than ever! So read on, if you dare!

GHASTLY...

GRISLY GALLERY

The slimy, gory walls at The Depths are slowly being taken over by even nastier things — your **GRISLY GALLERY** exhibits! Here's the latest shocking set...



MIKE RYAN woke one morning to find this at the foot of his bed in Southport. Warily, he decided to send it to the **GRISLY GALLERY!**

'Sludge Deacon' by **DARON ROBINSON** from Northampton



The drawings printed here have won their senders £5. If you'd like to try and take a fiver from my claw-like clutches, send your drawings to **GRISLY GALLERY**, at the address on this page.



The London Dungeon

Wogan's just hanging around!

This is something I was going to suggest myself... smooth-talking Terry Wogan banished to the darkest part of the London Dungeon! This prize-winning idea came from **Jayne Emington**.

Jayne, of Dunoon, Argyll, wins £5, and a year's free membership of the London Dungeon Kids Klub. Who would you like to see behind bars? Write and tell me — if it's a friend, relative or teacher, enclose a clear photograph of them.

Send your suggestions, marked 'Dungeons', to the address on this page



McNasty Mail

Still the great floods in! Here in The Depths we've knee deep in McNasty Mail — and that's the way we like it.

Dear Ghastly,

When reading my sister's Whizzer & Chips comic, I saw that their address is the same as yours: King's Reach Tower. Could you explain this?

John O'Neill, Cardiff.

The title you mentioned is just one of those mortal comics produced above the ground. SCREAM is produced 29 floors below King's Reach Tower, in The Depths! And by the way, are you

sure it was 'your sister's' comic you were reading, ah?

Dear Ghastly,

I'm not a 'spineless one', or a 'travelling surface dweller', or a 'crawling coward'. Er, well... if that's all right with you?

John Hitchens, Bletchley, Essex.

But you're still only a Mortal, which makes you vastly inferior to my bed self!

The surface dwellers whose letters are printed here win £5!

SCREAM,
THE DEPTHS,
KING'S REACH
TOWER,
STAMFORD
STREET,
LONDON WC1A 1BS

*Whenever you write, always tell me your & senders' address at SCREAM, so I can return the 'horror' using the best story!

DRACULA, THE INFAMOUS VAMPIRE, HAD COME TO LONDON DISGUISED AS A DEFECTOR FROM THE EAST. NOW, IN A SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM...

THE MASTER WILL BE MADNESS. NO, WE'VE COME TO SEE HIM. HE'S GOING TO BE ANGRY...

THAT THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE. HE'LL BE ANGRY. HE'LL BE ANGRY. HE'LL BE ANGRY...



PERHAPS BLACK AND WHITE IS DRACULA'S FAVORITE COLOR. HE'LL BE ANGRY. HE'LL BE ANGRY. HE'LL BE ANGRY...

IT IS SILENT. I HEAR OUR LORD AWAKENING!



YOU SWELLING WRETCHES? YOU WILL PAY FOR MAKING ME SUFFER SUCH INCONVENIENCE?

IS BUT MASTER, THERE'S NOT TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE?



DRACULA DROPPED BLACK INTO HIS SLEAZY BEDROOM AND RESTED PLACE - THE BATHROOM!



HOW DELICIOUS. THAT DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS. EVIL PERSONIFIED. SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUTTING PLACE - A BATHTUB!

AH, RIGHT! IN MASTER'S PLEASE! IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE WE COULD PUT YOUR NATIVE SOUL!



THE SOUNDING OF HIS VOICE OVERCAME HIS CLIMB...

BE MADNESS! IF YOU DO NOT FIND A MORE SUITABLE PLACE FOR ME TO SLEEP, MY FURY WILL KNOW NO BOUNDS! UNDERSTAND?

THE DRACULA FILE



DRACULA TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A HUGE SHARK, SET, AND SET OFF IN SEARCH OF PREY!

THE SLEAZY BEDROOM WILL BE USED AS A SLEAZY BEDROOM!

SCREEN
SCRIPT: SIMON FURMAN
ART: L. BRADY
LETTERING: J. ALDRICH

THE ARCADE ARMY, COLONEL
STARK, ALEX & BOB OFFICER,
ARRIVED AT HEATHROW AIRPORT...



BO HAD DECEASED, IN ORDER TO COME
TO BRITAIN AND MEET THE YOUNG
HE HAD TO BE ON THE LOOSE?

MEANWHILE, IN A DARKENED
ALLEYWAY IN THE CITY...



I DON'T WANT
HIM - HE'S TOO
DANGEROUS!

NO, PLEASE
LET ME GO.

HERE, HAVE
GUARD THE
CHIEF?



AS A WOLF OFFICER,
I HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY
OBTAINING FACE
PASSAGE...

YES, THESE SEEM
TO BE IN ORDER -
MAY I ASK THE
PURPOSE OF
YOUR VISIT OR
BUSINESS OR
PURCHASE?



...DEFINITELY
BUSINESS?



DIDN'T SOMEONE EVER
TELL YOU IT'S DANGEROUS
TO GO OUT AFTER
DARK?

LEAVE
MUM?

THE YOUNG TURNED TO SEE THE TALL,
IMPOSING FIGURE OF DRACULA?



USE COMBINATION
LOCKER, YOU HAVE
A DUCK
PUSHING ON
THE WORK.

YOU WOULD NOT
FARE SO WELL
AGAINST ONE
TUN AS I?



OH, HEAR? LISTEN, CHIEF...
I DON'T WANT THEM ENOUGH
ANYMORE, I ESPECIALLY NOT
SHOW SOME KINDS
CAPED CRUSADER?



THE VAMPIRE POSSESSED KNOWLEDGE
OF HIS OWN AND CONTENTUOUSLY
HURLED THE YOUTH AWAY...



DRACULA'S CLAW-LIKE FINGERNAILS
DID THEIR WORK...

THE OTHERS FLED FROM THE HORRIFIC SCENE...



BLUE - LIKE
THE SCARLED
RABBITS
YOU REALLY
ARE !

AFTER THE INCOMPETENCE DEMONSTRATED
BY MY OTHER SLAVES, I HAVE NEED OF A
NEW HUMAN SERVANT !



MY MARK IS NOW UPON YOU...
YOU WILL SERVE ME FROM THIS
DAY ON !

THE VAMPIRE HAD THE POWER TO CREATE
STILL - HUMAN SLAVES BY DRAWING ONLY
A LITTLE BLOOD.

FOR OTHERS, REST WAS NOT
THE ORDER OF THE NEXT DAY...



ALL IS
READY!

STAKES HAD BOOKED INTO A
SMALL HOTEL. THERE HE HUNG
ABOUT HIS PREPARATIONS...

A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH
THE HEART... JUST ONE OF
THE WAYS TO KILL A
VAMPIRE !



IN THUNDER'S LOW
LAYING ME, MASTER.

SAVING YOU?
OR NO... YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

I WAS ONLY
SAVING YOU FOR
MYSELF!

AFTER THE VAMPIRE HAD DRUNK HIS
FILL - HE TURNED TO RAY LOGAN, THE
YOUTH HE HAD HURLED AWAY FROM
HIM DURING THE FIGHT...



UNNGH!

AH, YOU ARE STILL ALIVE ! YOU
MUST BE A MORE STURDY
SPECIMEN THAN MUST...

LATER, THAT NIGHT, IN THE FUNERAL PARLOUR
OWN BY RONALD STUART...



HUNT SOMEONE'S
STOLEN ONE OF ANY
COFFINS. WHO WOULD
WANT TO STEAL ONE
OF THOSE ?

CAPTAIN SLACK AND MURDER MONTGOMERY HAD
ENSURED THAT THEIR NAMES WOULD BE SET
WELL WHEN DUMKES CAME !



I HAVE ALL I NEED... STAKES,
GARLIC, HOLY WATER, A CROSS...
NOW THE HUNT CAN BEGIN!



Dead Instruments
Craft of the vampire!

Ghost Town



IT WAS THE FIRST CAR EVER TO ARRIVE IN THE SMALL WESTERN TOWN

IS THAT AIN'T THE STRANGEST THING I EVER DID SEE!

SCREAM
SCRIPT: FRED BAKER
ART: MIKE BOREY
LETTERING: J. COBB

CLEAR OFF, YOU KIDS!

WHERE ARE THE HORSES, MISTER?

GIVE US A RIDE!

STOP THE THING, HORSE! - YOU'RE GOING PAST THE HOTEL, I WANT TO GET OUT!

I'M SORRY, SIR! I THINK THERE'S A FAULT
S-SOMETHING'S JAMMED!

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MAN!

THE HORSELESS CABEAGE NEVER MANAGED TO STOP!

DYNAMITE DANGER



THE EXPLOSION RUPTURED THROUGH THE TOWN— DESTROYING *EVERYTHING!*



NEARLY FIFTY YEARS LATER









IN YOUR OLD PAL ALAN HERE AGAIN. THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MADWORM TOWER. I EXPECT YOU'RE DYING TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MR NELSON. THE CALLOUS BRUTE WHO RAN OVER LITTLE KAREN KELLY'S PUPPY.

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR



++THANKS TO ME, HE IMAGINED HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A MOTORWAY!++

SCREEN
SCRIPT: JIM HOLLAND
ART: ORTIE
LETTERING: M. PETERS





AAAAAHHH!



IT... IT'S DONE
RIGHT OVER
ME, WITHOUT
TOUCHING ME!



I-I'M SORRY
I HURT THE
KID'S DOG...



FADING THE IMAGES IN MELSON'S MIND, A
LITTLE THIRTEENTH FLOOR SHOWS OVER++



A TASTE OF YOUR OWN
MEDICINE, EH, MR MELSON?
NOT VERY PLEASANT, IS IT?
WELL, YOU SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN BETTER THAN TO
UPSET ONE OF MY
TENANTS!



++BUT NOW I HAD A PROBLEM, I COULDN'T
AFFORD TO HAVE SOMEONE ELSE SOUND
COLLAPSED IN MY LIFT! HOWEVER, I HAD
ALREADY COMPLETED A SOLUTION++

BERT
WAKE
UP,
BERT!



++TO ASSIST ME, I
CHOOSE BERT
RUNCHE, THE BURLY
YOUNG BRICKLAYER
IN APARTMENT
12C++



WHADDYA
WANT, LARK?

I NEED YOUR HELP, BERT.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING
REALLY IMPORTANT
TO TELL YOU. LOOK
CLOSELY AT MY
SCREEN!

YOU FEEL VERY SLEEPY,
BERT. YOUR LIMBS ARE
GETTING HEAVY, SO
HEAVY...

UH?

YOUR EYELIDS ARE CLOSING.
YOU CAN'T KEEP THEM OPEN.
YOU'RE SO SLEEPY, BERT.



YOU HEAR ONLY
MY VOICE, BERT.
YOU ARE TOTALLY
IN MY POWER.
YOU WILL OBEY
ME, BERT.

I WILL
OBEY.



++I ORDERED BERT TO DRESS
AND GO TO THE LIFT. IT WAS
THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER
HYPNOTISED ANYONE. IT
SEEMED TO BE WORKING
A TREAT++



++ I ORDERED BERT TO PUT THE MAN IN HIS CAR, AND DRIVE HIM SEVERAL MILES AWAY ++



PARKING



++ BERT'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO DRAG HIM NEAR A MOTORWAY. THAT WOULD BE IN LINE WITH HIS THIRTEENTH FLOOR NIGHT-MADES! HE WOULDN'T REAFFIRM HIS VICE TO MAXWELL TOWER ++



++ BERT WAS BACK WITHIN THE HOUR ++



WELL, THAT ALL WORKED OUT RATHER NICELY, DIDN'T IT? NOW THAT I HAVE BERT LUNCH TO HELP ME, THERE'S NO LIMIT TO THE WICKEDNESS I CAN NIGHT ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR.



SEE YOU NEXT WEEK. TILL THEN, DON'T BREATHE A WORD TO ANYONE. YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO END UP ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR, WOULD YOU?



In seven days, Max and the maintenance men!

TALES FROM THE GRAVE

A FATAL EXTRACTION

PART ONE

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
R. HUNTER
ART:
J. HANSON
LETTERING:
PENGUIN



I GOT THIS TERRIBLE PAIN IN MY TEETH, Y'SEE, CAN BE REAL AGONY TOOTHACHE, AS YOU'LL ALL WELL KNOW...

DENTISTS CAN CAUSE YOU PLENTY O' PAIN, Y'SEE, BUT ONE PARTICULAR DENTIST SPRINGS TO ME MIND, WITHIN A FOOTA DOCTOR, BY THE NAME O' THOMAS THORPE COULD BE OLIVE BINDERDOUT...



THORPE OPERATED 'E DENTAL PRACTICE FROM A TALLA FLOOR BUNGLOW IN A BUILDING THAT OVERLOOKED THE RIVER SAUNDERS...



MOST O' 'E WORK WERE EXTRACTIONS O' COURSE...

IS YOU'RE BACK TO LISTEN TO ANOTHER O' THE LEFT'S STORGE STORIES? WELL, SKEARM' PLAINLY, I WAIN'T DUNNIN' O' TELLIN' ANY TALLS TODAY, ON ACCOUNT O' ME GETTIN' A BIT POODLY LIVE...

TO IT. HE'S ACTUALLY FOLK WHO WERE PROUD OF IT. BARELY WHO GAVE LOOKING FOR TADPOLE'S HEAD.



"BET OCCASIONALLY THOUGHTS UP DAY OR TWO GUILTY OF AS WHO'S COULDN'T WANT TO GET INTO HIS CHAIR - BUILT IT THEMERS. LIKE **GEORGE MAKEPIECE**...





YOUR EXACT TIME THE NEXT DAY GEORGE MORGAN
WENT WORKING AROUND (GIVEN HIS TIGHT) IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN MENTIONED ABOUT "LOAN" IS THE...

JUST SIT BACK
IN THE CHAIR AND
WATCH THE
MAGNIFICENT
AND USED TO
BE THE
MIND



WELL...
OCCASION!
IT'S COMING
ABOUT - JUST
THE MIND
FULL...



NOW... JUST SIT
STILL AND WATCH MR.
MAGNIFICENT...

GOODBYE...



BOORRAARGH!



"OF COURSE...
THERE'S NO POINT
IN STAYING FROM HERE
PLACE IS EMPTY
HOUSE - AND THE
PRICE OF GOLD FROM
THE MOUTH OF
PETER A JOY JOY"



"YOUR MIND MAGNIFICENT - THREE FLOORS DOWN TO THE
GROUND. WHY? SPIRITS WAS MIND"

GOOD EVENING
I'M...

"IT'S THE FALL WE'VE TAKEN
GAMES ABOUT THEM TO FINISH
HOW DO I?



"MOUNTAIN SPIRITS WAS DOWN
A GOOD WAY DOWN THE CLIMB..."

THIS HOUSE IS
MINE I'LL STOP
YOU AND ATTACK
THE MOUNTAIN...



WHEN WILL HE GO?

"THERE'S A MOUNTAIN SPIRIT
FOR MAGNIFICENT, BUT AS
GEORGE MORGAN'S MIND,
I DON'T SEE THE
GOODLY FIGURE THAT
CAME OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN"



I SHALL
HAVE MY
REVENGE!



In part two:
The dentist and the demon

MORTALS! YOU ARE
SUMMONED TO
WITNESS ANOTHER
DRASTIC FALL!
THIS ONE'S ENOUGH
TO MAKE ANYONE
SIT UP AND PAY
ATTENTION.

the Summoning

AS THE MEN STRUGGLED TO
SWEEP FROM A THICK
COVERING OF CLOUD, A
TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION
ENTERED AN OLD,
OCCUPYING CEMETERY...

WE ARE
ALMOST
THERE!

THIS IS THE
GRAVE OF THE
ONE WE SEEK!
DIG!

AN ANCIENT COFFIN
WAS REVEALED...

WHEN THE COFFIN WAS ON THE
SURFACE, THE GROUP FORMED
A CIRCLE AROUND IT...

UAAA!
UAAA!

UAAA! UAAA!
UAAA! UAAA!

ABNATHON! DEMON
OF DARKNESS! HEAR
YOUR SERVANTS!



monster

THE COCKSIDE NEAR LITTLE SANDS: A FULL-SCALE POLICE SEARCH WAS UNDER WAY FOR THE FUGITIVE, KEVIN BOLAN AND HIS FATHERS UNCLE TERRY.

THE DOGS HAVE GOT THEIR SCOUTS ON 'EM!

GOOD! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT PSEUDO-TESSA AND CHASE HIS B* ALREADY WILSD TWO MEN!



STARLIN
SCRIPT-
RACK CLARK
ART-
RENDERO
LETTER-
PADGUGER



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, IN A RAILWAY UNDERMAN'S HUT -







OHAY, D'YVES,
YOU CAN CROSS
NOW!



LOBBY!
POMMAN!
TELL US!
LIFE
LOBBY!

LUCKY FOR
US IT WAS
HERE!

AT THE LEVEL CROSSING -



THE DOGS HAVE
LOST THE SCENT,
SIR.

BUT NOW?
UNLESS—

WELL, YOU'
CROSSING
NEEDS IT.



WERE THREE BUT
VEHICLES STOPPED
AT THIS
CROSSING?

JUST A
MARE!

WHAF
LOBBY!



NOW THE DICKENS WOULD
I KNOW I'D DIDN'T PAN IT
AND WED. IT WAS BEING
TOWARDS THE
MOTOSWEN!



HARRY! MANNY!
THINGS GO-DO
FAST!

IT'S THE MOTOSWEN,
UNSTEADY AND
THREE CARS!



WHERE
WE GO,
TEHNN!

SEARCH ME, WHEREVER
THE LOBBY'S GOING!
SOPHIE, AWAY FROM THE
POLICE, BARRRY! AND
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ME!

WHAT AN HOUR BEFORE
THE VEHICLE PULLED INTO A
MOTORWAY SERVICE AREA.



Try and earn some more McNasty money with...

GHASTLY'S CREEPY CAPTIONS

ONCE AGAIN, I, GHASTLY McNASTY, GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO HAVE A SCUDGISH GOOSE OR TWO... AND TO WIN YOURSELF SOME McNASTY MONEY! LOOK AT OUR THRILLING PICTURE OF MICHAEL JACKSON SURROUNDED BY A REALLY GRUESOME SELECTION OF ZOMBIES. WHAT FUNNY CAPTION CAN YOU COME UP WITH FOR WHAT MICHAEL MIGHT BE THINKING IN SUCH A SITUATION?

SEND YOUR SUGGESTIONS - USING NOT MORE THAN 10 WORDS - TO ME, AT THE USUAL ADDRESS, AND MARK YOUR ENTRY CATEGORY 2. I'LL PAY £10 TO THE SENDER OF THE BEST ONE I RECEIVE.



NEXT WEEK LOOK OUT FOR A SPECIAL SPOOKY GHASTLY TALE...

It's a CHILLING TALE that has GRAVE CONSEQUENCES...

THE SECOND HALF IS A **TERROR-IFIC** BACK PAGE POSTER.

SCREAM No 10 IS ON SALE NEXT MONDAY... MAKE SURE YOU GRAB A COPY BEFORE IT GRABS YOU!

COMPLETE STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT

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PHWW! I'M TIRED! IT'S TAKEN ME ALL DAY TO DO MY WASHING!



SNORT!

GRR! ONE OF THOSE PESKY PETS FROM NEXT DOOR HAS MADE IT ALL SMUTTY WITH ITS SMOKE!



I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO HIS STRE-REATHING WANTS!



AAAAACHOO!

EEK! TOO MUCH POWDER IN THE WATER! EVERYTHING'S BELAPLAINED IN A CLOUD OF BUBBLES!



HELP!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY LOVELY WIFE?



WHO'S GOING TO SOOK MY DINNER IF MY DEAR WIFE DRIFTS RIGHT AWAY FROM ME? NUMBER-NUMBER!

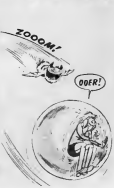
DON'T WORRY, MR. JONES! YOUR HELPFUL NEIGHBOURS ARE COMING TO THE RESCUE!



GO GET IT, MORACE!

OUR HORACE HAS VERY SHARP TEETH. HE'LL SOON BURST THAT BUBBLE, MR. JONES!

GRUNF!



ZOOM!

OOER!



The NIGHTROOMERS

THE GHOST-HUNTING PARENTS OF BEN AND BETH SOKAN HAD BEEN KILLED WHILE MYSTIC SIGNS CIRCUMSTANCES, WHIST NOYSTER AT WAS THERE, LAST CASE. IT WAS CONNECTED WITH A HOUSE CALLED SAKEN'S REEF, OWNED BY A MAN CALLED SIMON CUTLER. AS THE ROOMERS ARRIVED AT THE USK, SNAKES OLD BUILDING...

SOME KIND OF FOOTMARKS - SLUSHING THROUGH THE GROUND - AND WE'VE GOT TO GO!

SUP - THERE'S SOMETHING THERE! IT'S GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF TRICK!

NO! THE HOUSE KNOWS WHO WE ARE - IT'S GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF TRICK!

IT'S A TRICK! I TELL YOU OL' PROVE IT!

WRAUGH!

AAAAH!

DON'T WEEP BACK, FOR IT'S BACK!

SCREAM
SCRIPT: TOM TULLY
ART: J. RICHARDSON
LETTERING: P. BENDERS



SICK, ARE YOU ALL SICK?

I LIFTED ME OUT OF MY FEET, SWARMED ME BACK LIKE I WAS NOTHING!



A WHISPERING OF CHILLING BARBERS SEEMED TO ACCOMPANY THE ADVANCING BASTARDS!

IT'S POWER, ISN'T IT? STAYING SHAKEN, OR IT WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU! SIMON, RUN... RUN!



THE FOUNTAIN CRASHED INTO FLAMES, AS IF TOUCHED BY HELLFIRE ITSELF!

IT'S GETTING US INTO THE WOODS...



SUDDENLY, SICK AND BOTH FOUNTAINS THEMSELVES COLLAPSED. THE BEAST MOVED IN FOR THE KILL!

I'VE GOT ME A PLAN!

BETH, YOU HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE - THE POWER OF THE MARKET!

SHE PAUSED, AND THIRDED.

BETH, ARE YOU READY? RUN!

SHAW? I'M NOTHING'S VOICE, NOT MY HEAD...

IT'S OKAY, SICK, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...

BY THE POWER OF ANKH,
I DENY YOU! LET THE BODY
OF LIFE BE OUR SHIELD!

BETH PLUGS THE AMULET INTO
THE HEAD OF THE CREATURE!

SECONDS LATER...

IT... IT'S DEAD! BUT
WHAT HAPPENED, BETH?
WHAT DID YOU DO?

I MANAGED
TO WIELD A LITTLE
OF ITS EVIL
ENERGY WITH THIS...

... THE ANKH? THE
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
SIGN OF LIFE. A
POWERFUL TALISMAN
AGAINST EVIL. IN ALL
ITS FORMS, I FOUND
IT ANYONE'S OUR
PRESENTS' THING!

NOTHING, SCRAMMED
WE GOT IT JUST NOW!
SHE... TOLD ANK
WHAT TO DO!

TOLD YOU?
BUT... BUT
HOW'S
NOTHING
DEAD?

YES, SHE'S DEAD, BUT I STOPPED... SILENCED HER
VOICE. LIKE I SENSORED THAT... THING. I CAN MOVE
AND SEE THINGS WITH MY MIND!

1- I BELIEVE YOU!
WE ARE DEPENDENT
- FROM OTHERS &
PEOPLE. YOU, MOST
OF ALL!

YES, KICK! IT'S SOMETHING
CALLED "S.E.R." - EXTRA
SENSORY PERCEPTION. I
MAY HAVE INHERITED IT
FROM MOM AND DAD.



AND WE'VE GOT TO GO TO MEET HIM
IF WE GO TO FIGHT WHATEVER'S
IN THAT HOUSE! BUT WHAT
DO WE DO NOW?

WE'VE GOT TO
FIND SOME
CUTLER.



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM TELL
US WHY HE HIRED MURKIN AND
THEN WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST
NOW. AND WHY THEY DIED?



LOOK, RICK: THAT'S THE TREE
THAT CALLED COLLIDED WITH
WHEN THEY WERE FLEEING
FROM THE HOUSE THAT NIGHT!



STEVE'S POWERS SHARDED
YES, TO BE LIVED STEVE'S
SECOND OF THE TRAILER.

I CAN SEE THEIR
TERROR, AND
DEATH! THE STEVE
OF THE HOUSE WAS
WITH THEM IN
THIS CAR?



IT IS AS GOOD
AS DEAD
THEY'RE DEAD!

COME ON! SOMEONE'S
GONNA TO PAY FOR
THAT! KENT NOW!



NO, RICK,
STAY AWAY
FROM IT!

MURKIN?

AND FROM THE SHADOWS
A LIVING HORDE, A THICK
CRIMSON FLUID SPURED OUT
ON TO THE STEPS.



... BLOOD!

NO QUEST! IT
LOOKS LIKE
GODS...

EVEN AS RICK LUNGED FORWARD, THE DOOR
OF THE HOUSE BEGAN TO SWARM OPEN



Next week:
Inside the house of blood!